

TIMES

THE DAILY SERIAL

HOME

By E. J. RATH

PAGES

SMATHER HOME

NO SIR, I'M NOT
VERY STRONG
FOR THIS
VEGETARIAN
IDEAI THINK EACH
PERSON SHOULD
EAT A CERTAIN
AMOUNT OF
ANIMAL FOODAND I'M GOING
TO BRING UP
THE BOY THAT
WAYI WILL SEE THAT
HE GETS HIS SHARE
OF ANIMAL FOOD
EACH DAYDEARIE, WHAT'S THIS
YOU'VE BEEN SAYING
ABOUT MAKING THE
BOY EAT HAY AND
OATS? REALLY?
I AM
SURPRISEDI NEVER
SAID IT!POP, DIDN'T
YA TELL THE MAN
I HAD TO
EAT ANIMAL
FOOD?

AWK



THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY

THE FLYING COURTSHIP

By E. J. RATH

Author of "The Sixth Speed," "The Purchase," "Two Women or One?" Etc.

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

SHE seemed to be in an entirely passive mood, assenting readily to any suggestions I made, and venturing none of her own. We strolled through the Mall, went into the National Museum for a little while, talking about matters which were not uppermost in the minds of either of us, each furtively watching the other for a sign, a gesture, a word that might lead toward some sort of a climax.

I did not make the slightest effort to help her out of her difficulties. I was as much consumed with curiosity as ever, yet was resolved that the next move in this apparently purposeless puzzle should be hers.

Finally it came. We were on the Avenue again, walking slowly back toward the Capitol, and there had been a considerable period of silence on both sides, accompanied by a fairly growing agitation in her manner. She seemed as if she were continually on the point of bursting out with some exclamation, yet always checking it on her lips.

"Will you do me a favor?" she asked, suddenly.

"Of course," I replied.

There was excitement in her eyes, a faint quaver in her voice. I wondered if this was more acting.

"You will think it a very extraordinary request," she went on.

"I would like to know what it is," I said.

"Please make it," I said.

"It will take your whole evening," she pursued, still the same queer reluctance to get down to facts.

"I have no engagement. My evening is at your disposal."

"Any evening, I bet. I still had as much to eat as I could get," she said.

"I want you to act as my escort," she said, bowing.

"I shall be honored," I said, bowing.

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sort of development with equalmindedness, at any rate I believed I was. It had not been difficult to learn that at the White House that evening there was an official reception in honor of a visiting German prince, and that, if the evening was fair, the grounds as well as the dilapidated old mansion itself would be open for the entertainment of guests. Evidently the brown lady was supplied with invitations, for I had none. Why she was so anxious to go to the White House, if her business concerned me, it was beyond my ability even to guess. Perhaps I was to be displayed for the benefit of some person also in the employment and confidence of the fair man; perhaps the tall man himself would be there.

I shrugged my shoulders in an attempt to affect indifference, but did not very greatly deceive myself. I was not indifferent; I was eaten with curiosity and bewilderment.

As I swung about at one end of my self-appointed post of sentry duty, a taxi rolled smoothly up to a halt. I saw a white-gloved hand rest for an instant on the ledge of the open window, and make a single gesture. Then I knew that the brown lady was punctual to the minute.

She was no longer the brown lady. The cab was one of modern design, fitted with an appliance which lighted the interior when the door was swung open, and which extinguished the electric bulb again when it was closed.

Stepping in, I delayed the closing of the door long enough to obtain a look at my companion.

A scarlet evening cloak trimmed with white fur was thrown about her shoulders, yet remained unfastened at the throat, so that I could see beneath it a gown of some white material. There was a white glove in her right hand, and a pearl that glowed softly in the light. What she wore in her hair I am unable to describe; it was some sort of a feminine ornament that lent an almost comely appearance to her small head, though I have sure of—she was amazingly attractive.

She replied to my scrutiny with a smile, then, when I looked at her in comparative darkness again, she turned to me and said:

"The richness of her costume had surprised me, yet I scarcely knew why, for that afternoon, in her velvet walking suit, I had recognized her as a habitually incongruous of her business that gave rise to my momentary astonishment."

"You are very prompt," I said at length for want of a better remark.

"That is praise," she answered, with a soft laugh.

We were rounding the corner of the Treasury building before I could get anything else to say. Then I asked:

"Have you cards?"

"Of course. I am not quite a burglar, you know."

"I felt that she was smiling at me."

"I don't want to see the cards."

"I don't mind at all," I answered, although I knew it was rather unusual for a woman guest to present cards at the door rather than her escort.

"I turned from Executive avenue into the carriage gate that leads to the east portion, and a White House porter opened the door. A moment later she had handed her cards of invitation to an attendant, so that I caught not a glimpse of them, and then I was removing her wrap to hand it to one of the checkers."

As I saw her standing straight and slender in her white gown, I could hardly repress an exclamation of admiration. Why she should not, and at that moment I did not care. All I knew was that my companion was one of the fairest and most alluring figures I had ever seen at the White House. I was proud of her. I think she caught the meaning of the glance I gave her, for she flushed faintly and seemed by no means displeased.

"We are early guests," I said, as we ascended the staircase to the main floor.

She responded only with a nod, and we went into the East Room. Here the comparatively small crowd bore witness to the truth of my observation; the company was just beginning to arrive. I saw her glancing about the room expectantly; in fact, almost fearfully, and wondered if she were looking for the tall man.

It was very obvious that my companion was attracting attention. Women engaged in conversation with their escorts would stop abruptly as we passed, turn and look after her. Men paid her the tribute of frankly approving glances. She did not appear to be conscious of the scrutiny, but I never lost an incident of it that flattered me. Yet I could not put from my mind a sense of embarrassment. I knew many people in Washington; it was more than likely I

should meet some of them here. If it came to a matter of introduction, what was I to do? She was a complete stranger.

"As it is so early," I suggested, "why not try the lawn for a while? It is quite warm."

"Certainly," she assented.

We made our way through the Blue Room and reached the porch. The trees that were scattered about the wide stretch of greenward within the grounds were glowing with colored lights, and a white beam from a powerful searchlight was focused on the mountain, so that the jets of water glistened like a shower of diamonds.

Out into this park of beauty we went, her hand resting lightly on my arm.

"Will you please tell me what I am to do?" I asked suddenly.

"Do?"

"Yes. It is somewhat confusing, you know. Who am I supposed to be?"

"Why, you are my escort," she said lightly, glancing at me with a smile.

"Isn't that sufficient?"

"Not only sufficient, but a distinct compliment," I answered. "And yet—"

"What does an escort usually do?" she broke in, laughing. "Must I instruct you?"

"In this case I'm afraid you must."

"It was the first suggestion I had made of a desire to learn her identity, but she swept it aside as if she had not noticed it."

"You are somewhat barbaric, I fear," she declared. "As we went down the long stretch of lawn toward the fountain."

"If you really must be told, why—my escort is supposed to talk to me, to keep me amused, to bring me some refreshment, if I want it; to dance with me occasionally, to see that I am not a wallflower, to make himself agreeable."

"You will never be a wallflower," I interrupted; "not if I stood you against the wall and left the third of an inch open for anything else to say."

"Many thanks—many," she exclaimed, with a sweeping curtsey. That was excellent; you are not a barbarian, after all. I think you need no further instruction in your duties."

I think I have remarked that she had a keen sense of the absurd. It was but a moment later that I heard her laughing softly and turning, saw her watching a tiny, strutting, dark-visaged foreign attaché, enveloped in a resplendent gold-laced uniform, a sword dangling at his side, with an exceedingly large woman leaning upon his arm and looking foolishly proud in her possession. I could not restrain a smile myself. The little man had a quick ear, for he caught the low sound of her laughter, turned his head quickly and frowned heavily.

"You will bring about international complications if you are not careful," I warned.

"Let's fly!" she whispered, and catching up her skirt, she raced down the lawn.

Perforce, I followed, but was obliged to pause in my pursuit to pick up her fan, which she dropped in her mad flight. Twenty yards beyond me she stopped and turned to see what delayed me. At the same instant a rose-colored beam from the searchlight began to roam the grounds, uncertainly, hesitatingly, until it fell upon her and became fixed. She was standing quite alone against a dark background of trees, and in the rosy light she looked like some beautiful, flaming lily.

For several seconds I think she was unconscious of the almost startling picture she made, then I heard a murmur of low comment from persons near me, which presently reached her. With a little cry of dismay she turned and started to flee again.

I caught her an instant later, brought her down to a walk, and we sought a refuge of comparative seclusion, the searchlight with the rose-red beam following us until a friendly evergreen intervened.

A Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

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PROMOTIONS MADE AT PATENT OFFICE

New Commissioner Increases Pay of Examiners—Other Employees Boosted.

Louis E. Giles, of Michigan; Floyd J. Porter, of New York, and James W. Quiggle, 24, of Pennsylvania, examiners in the Patent Office have all been promoted at the hands of the new commissioner of patents. Mr. Giles is increased from \$2,100 to \$2,400 a year; Mr. Porter from \$1,800 to \$2,100, and Mr. Quiggle from \$1,500 to \$1,800.

Miss Mary S. Brown, of North Carolina, and Mary V. Paxton, of West Virginia, clerks in the Pension Office, have been promoted from the \$1,200 to the \$1,400 grade. Oliver B. Martin, of Kansas, and Thomas W. Watkins, of Tennessee, clerks at \$1,000, have been promoted to \$1,200.

In the Reclamation Service, Arthur J. Honold has been promoted from examiner at \$2,100 to examiner at \$2,400. Harry W. Bashore, of Missouri, assistant engineer, from \$900 to \$2,100. Paul Roth, of Minnesota, assistant engineer, from \$1,740 to \$1,900, and Mike T. Murray, of Nebraska, clerk, from \$1,500 to \$1,800.

George E. Middleton, of Ohio, and Miss Alice M. Purinton, of Nebraska, have been appointed examiners in the Patent Office at \$1,500 a year. Eugene J. Smith has been appointed laborer, and Derek S. Breitenbach and Clarence J. Ruppert, both of the District, have been reinstated as messenger boys at \$360.

Miss Virginia Fletcher, of Louisiana, has been appointed clerk in the Pension Office at \$1,200 a year. Resignations have been received as follows: Isaac K. Phelps, of Connecticut, organic chemist, \$3,000, Bureau

Mother Comes After Boy Who Ran Away

After having served fifteen days in the District workhouse as a vagrant, Nathaniel Kurtz, fourteen years old, who ran away from his home in New York about a month ago, is back today with his mother, Mrs. Cecilia Kurtz, of 214 East Thirtieth street. Mrs. Kurtz came to Washington last evening and took her son home.

Young Kurtz was picked up on the street here and gave the name of William Gibson and said he was seventeen years old. In Police Court he told the judge he would "rather walk to Texas than do a day's work." Following this statement the court gave the boy fifteen days on the stone pile.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon To Have Housewarming

The local chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, of George Washington University, will hold a housewarming at its home, Thirteenth and Euclid streets northwest, tomorrow evening.

The occasion will be in connection with the reopening of the university. Guests will include members of the fraternity and their friends.

Senator Key Pitman of Nevada, and Judge C. B. Howry are expected to be present.

New Counsel for Becker.

NEWBURG, N. Y., Sept. 19.—Because the health of William Van Amey, of Newburg has failed and he is no longer in condition to give him time to the case of Becker and the convicted gunmen in Sing Sing prison, the appeal in their behalf will be argued by A. T. Clearwater, of Kingston. The case was set for October 13.

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That awful sourness, belching of acid and foul gases; that pain in the pit of the stomach, the heartburn, nervousness, nausea, bloating after food; gas; take bile from the liver eating, feeling of fullness, dizziness and sick headache, means your stomach is sour—your liver is torpid—your bowels constipated. It isn't your stomach's fault—it isn't indigestion—



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CHAPTER III.

A FULL quarter of an hour before the time fixed by the lady in brown velvet found me pacing slowly back and forth at the place we had appointed. My thoughts were in a chaotic state, yet I was calm enough; for although I could not obtain a glimmer, as yet, of what it was all about, I was prepared to accept any